

P A N A C E A:

A

# POEM

UPON

# TEA:

In Two CANTO'S.



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By N. TATE, Servant to His MAJESTY.

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*Innoeuos Calices, & amicam Votibus Herbam,  
Vimque datam Folio — — — — —* Thor. de Poet.

*Planta Beata, Decus Terrarum, Mundus Olympi !* Idem.

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L O N D O N:

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МАЗАКАН

ЭНТОТ

ЗАКОНОДАТЕЛЬСТВО

МЕДИА  
ОБЩЕСТВО  
И ОБЩИ

А. А. Г.

СОЛДАТЫ

СОЛДАТЫ

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**Charles Montague, Esq;**

One of His M A J E S T Y's most  
Honourable Privy Council, &c.

S I R,

**Y**OU can't be surpriz'd at the Ad-  
dresses and Acknowledgments of  
the *Muses*, whom YOU have Honour'd, not  
Only in their own Province, but likewise by  
convincing the World, That the greatest  
Genius for Poetry, can be as Eminent in

## *The Dedication.*

Business of State, and Affairs of the Publick.

*T*was but lately that the Fortune of *Europe* depended upon the Welfare of *England*; when *England* her Self was under the most perplexing Exigencies, by the ill Condition of our Coin, Deficiency of Funds, Loss of Publick Credit (when our Forces by Sea and Land, Domestick and Foreign Commerce were to be provided for) with other Afflicting Circumstances that threatened our very Constitution, and made our Affairs seem Desperate.

*The Redressing of all which Grievances, (through Unparallel'd Difficulties) was, by our *SENATE* (then Sitting) Undertaken*

## *The Dedication.*

with more than *Roman* Greatness of Spirit ;  
and Effected , to the Preservation of Quiet  
amongst our Selves , Astonishment of our  
Enemies , and Benefit of all *Europe*.

And, *SIR*, how Instrumental *YOU*  
were in those Transactions for the general  
Safety and Welfare , Common Justice must  
Acknowledge , and History informs us of  
Statues Erected for less Services to the  
Publick.

All pretend not to Enumerate Particu-  
lars , wherein ( as Promoter , or Principal )  
*YOU* have Merited the Thanks of the  
Age , and demonstrated indefatigable *In-  
dustry* , as well as most extraordinary *Sag-  
acity* and *Judgment*.

## *The Dedication.*

Yet I cannot forbear mentioning One Consideration, That so Refin'd a Spirit, so Delicate a Genius, as could be Delighted (to the Sublimest Degree) in the Retreats of the *Muses*, and Gardens of *Philosophy*, could Sacrifice it self to the Fatigues of Publick Busincs ! but ——

*Vincit Amor Patriæ.*

SIR, I know the Value of YOUR Time, and the Freedom that I take in Presenting Y O U with a Piece of Poetry ; which yet, if it be not less'd by the Performance, it will not be so, in Y O U R Esteem, by the

## The Dedication.

the Slenderness of the Subject, since

*In tenui Labor, et tenuis non Gloria, si Quem*

*Numina leva finant, auditque Vocatus*  
*Apollo.*

However, I shall not repeat a Tres-  
spas in Detaining Y O U with an  
Apology —

Only, That Zeal and Duty will be  
doing their Office, and Respect pay its  
Attendance, though neither Wanted nor  
Desir'd.

Besides, I have the same Right of  
Addressing to Y O U, as other Sons  
of the Muses, and true Subjects of their

## *The Dedication.*

King and Country: For whose United  
Interest and Service, Y O U R Health  
and Prosperity is most heartily wish'd, by  
N. TATE.

*S I R,*

Let it be known that I, N. TATE  
am now *Your most Obedient*

*Humble Servant*  
N. TATE.

N. TATE.

## **P R E F A C E.**

**T**HE Tale in the First Canto of this Poem, was taken (as Romantick as it may seem) from the Chinese History, and, with very modest Fiction, accommodated to my Subject; to make the Discovery and Production of the TEA-TREE more wonderful and surprizing. Which, being in it self of most admirable Virtues, and certainly One of the greatest Blessings of Nature, I may as well suppose it to have been Miraculously Produc'd, as Fracastorius his West-Indian Tree, which his Poem tells us was

Deum manibus Sata, Semine Sacro.

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And

— And for my introducing the Deities in the Second Canto, 'tis according to Petr. Arbiter's per Ambages & Deorum Ministeria præcipitandus liber Spiritus — I had as much Right for Interesting Them in this Sovereign Plant, as the Foremention'd Fracaftorius and Thorius for Those They Celebrated.

— The Delicacy of the Subject oblig'd me to treat it with some Gayety and Embellishment of Fancy, but especially with Decency, to make the Poem (like the Nepenthe on which 'tis writ) an Entertainment for the Ladies.

If there be any Art or Beauty in the Piece, they will be found by Persons of Judgment; and if I have not the Fortune to please Them, I am not solicitous for pleasing any Others.

On our English Poetry, and this  
Poem upon T E A.

SEE Spanish Carderos in Strength outdone :  
And see the Prize of Wit from Tasse won :  
See Cormel's Skill and Decency Refin'd ;  
See Rapin's Art, and Molier's Fire, Outshin'd ;  
See Dryden's Lamp, to our admiring View,  
Brought from the Tomb to shine and Blaze anew !

The British Laurel by Old Chaucer worn,  
Still Fresh and Gay, did Dryden's Brow Adorn :  
And that its Lustre may not fade on Thine,  
Wit, Fancy, Judgment, Tate, in thee combine.  
Thy pow'ful Genius thus, from Censure's Frown  
And Envy's Blast, in Flourishing Renown,  
Supports our British Muses Verdant Crown.  
Nor only takes a Trusty Laureat's Care,  
Lest Thou the Muses Garland might'st impair ;  
But, more Enrich'd, the Chaplet to Bequeath,  
With Eastern T E A join'd to the Laurel-Wreath.

R. B.

To the Author on his Poem  
upon T E A.

LET Rustick Satyr, now, no more Abuse,  
In rude Unskilful Strains, thy Tuneful Muse ;  
No more let *Envie* lash thy true-bred Steed,  
Nor cross thy easy, just, and prud'ent Speed ;  
Who dext'rously dost bear, or loose the Rein,  
To climb each lofty Hill, or scour the Plain ;  
With proper *Weight* and *Force* thy Courses run ;  
Where still thy *Pegasus* has Wonders done,  
Come home with *Strength*, and thus the Prize  
has Won.  
But now takes *Wing*, and to the \* *Skies* aspires ;  
While Vanquish'd *Envie* the bold Flight admires,  
And baffled *Satyr* to his *Den* retires.

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\* Canto II.

T. W.

T H E

THE  
INTRODUCTION.

FAME Sound thy Trump, all Ranks of Mortals  
call,

To share a Prize that will enrich 'em All.

Tou that with Sacred Oracles converse,  
And clearly wou'd Mysterious Truths rehearse ;  
On soaring Wings of Contemplation rise,  
And fetch Discov'ries from above the Skies ;  
Etherial T E A your Notions will refine,  
Till you your selves become almost Divine.

Tou Statesmen, who in Storms the Publick Helm,  
Wou'd Guide with Skill, and Save a sinking Realm,  
T E A, your Minerva, shall suggest such Sense,  
Such safe and sudden Turns of Thought dispense ,  
That you, like her Ulysses, may Advise,  
And start Designs that shall the World surprise.

## The Introduction.

*You Pleaders, who for Conquest at the Bar  
Contend as Fierce and Loud as Chiefs in War ;  
Would you Amaze and Charm the list'ning Court ?  
First to this Spring of Eloquence resort :  
Then boldly launch on Tully's flowing Seas,  
And grasp the Thunder of Demosthenes.*

*You Artists of the Aesculapian Tribe,  
Wou'd you, like Aesculapius's Self, Prescribe,  
Cure Maladies, and Maladies prevent ? ——  
Receive this Plant from your own Phoebus sent ;  
Whence Life's nice Lamp in Temper is maintain'd,  
When Dim, Recruited ; when too fierce, restrain'd.*

*You Curious Souls, who all your Thoughts apply,  
The hidden Works of Nature to descry ;  
Why veering Winds with var' d Motion blow,  
Why Seas in settled Courses Ebb and Flow ;  
Wou'd you these Secrets of her Empire know ?  
Treat the Coy Nymph with this Celestial Dew,  
Like Ariadne she'll impart the Clue ;*

*Shall*

## The Introduction.

Shall through her Winding Labyrinths convey,  
And Causes, sculking in their Cells, display.

You that to His's Bank, or Cam retreat,  
Wou'd you prove worthy Sons of either Seat,  
And All in Learning's Commonwealth be Great ?  
Infuse this Leaf, and your Own Streams shall bring  
More Science than the fam'd Castalian Spring.

Wou'd you, O Musicks Sons, your Art compleat,  
And all its ancient Miracles repeat,  
Rouze Rev'ling Monarchs into Martial Rage,  
And, when Inflam'd, with Softer Notes asswage ;  
The tedious Hours of absent Love beguile,  
Charm Care asleep, and make Affliction Smile ?  
Carouse in T E A, that will your Souls inspire ;  
Drink Phoebus's Liquor, and command his Lyre.

Sons of Apelles, wou'd you draw the Face  
And Shape of Venus, and with equal Grace  
In some Elysian Field the Figure place ?

Four

## The Introduction.

*Tour Fancy, warm'd by T E A, with wish'd Success,*  
*Shall Beauty's Queen in all her Charms express :*  
*With Nature's Rural Pride your Landshape fill*  
*The Shady Grotto, and the Sunny Hill,*  
*The Laughing Meadow, and the Talking Rill.*

*Sons of the Muses, would you Charm the Plains*  
*With cheerful Lays, or sweet Condoling Strains;*  
*Or with a Sonnet make the Vallies ring,*  
*To Welcome home the Goddess of the Spring :*  
*Or wou'd you in sublimer Themes engage,*  
*And sing of Worthies who Adorn the Age ?*  
*Or, with Promethean Boldness, wou'd aspire*  
*To catch a Spark of that Celestial Fire*  
*That Crown'd the † Royal Conquest, and could raise*  
*Juverne's Boyn above\* Scamander's Praise ?*  
*Drink, drink Inspiring T E A, and boldly draw,*  
*A Hercules, a Mars, or a NASSAU.*

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† Mr. Montague's incomparable Poem on His Majesty's Victory at the Boyn.

\* Where Homer's Trojans and Grecians Fought.

# P O E M

## U P O N T E A

In Two CANTO's.

### CANTO I.

**B**Y Avon's Stream (the Muses calm Retreat)  
Palmon liv'd in his un-envy'd Seat,  
None better knew, or practis'd, in his Cell  
The chaste Delights that with Retirement dwell,  
And thus confin'd to Safety's humble Sphear,  
Desiring Little, had not Much to fear;

B

Was

## The Introduction.

*Tour Fancy, warm'd by T E A, with wis'd Success,  
Shall Beauty's Queen in all her Charms express :  
With Nature's Rural Pride your Landscape fill  
The Shady Grotto, and the Sunny Hill,  
The Laughing Meadow, and the Talking Rill.*

*Sons of the Muses, would you Charm the Plains  
With chearful Lays, or sweet Condoling Strains ;  
Or with a Sonnet make the Vallies ring,  
To Welcome home the Goddess of the Spring :  
Or wou'd you in sublimer Themes engage,  
And sing of Worthies who Adorn the Age ?  
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# P O E M

**T**E A  
In Two CANTO'S.

**B**Y Avon's Stream (the Muses calm Retreat)  
Palmon liv'd in his un-envy'd Seat,  
None better knew, or practis'd, in his Cell  
The chaste Delights that with Retirement dwell,  
And thus confin'd to Safety's humble Sphear,  
Desiring Little, had not Much to fear;

Was neither Fortune's Envy, nor her Sport;  
 Free from the servile Arts of Town or Court,  
 The nauseous Task, that gen'rous Souls contemn,  
 Of Knaves Caresses, and Carelessing them.

**M**ay whether Novelty his Fancy fir'd,  
 Or some Diviner Pow'r the Thought inspir'd,)  
 Through Foreign Climates he resolv'd to roam,  
 And view those Wonders which he read at home.  
 Most strict Survey in every realm he made  
 Of Men and Manners, Policy and Trade:  
 But none he found, his gentle Soul to please,  
 Like the Refin'd and Civiliz'd Chinese.

Rich in Improvements of his well-spent Time,  
 The Bard returns to his own Native Clime:  
 The Neighb'ring Shepherds, who his Absence  
 mourn'd,  
 Visit with Joy their wand'ring Friend returned.  
 Short Salutation past, he feasts their Eyes  
 With pleasing View of *Eastern* Rarities.  
 Nature and Art's choice Gift, the *God-stone*,  
 With Plants and Herbs to *Western* Swains unknown.

Yet,

Yet, more surpriz'd, they found their Sensors chear'd, w  
 Soon as the Verdant fragrant TEA appear'd, ading  
 It's Nature, w<sup>ch</sup> confus'dly they demand, and add  
 What Name is here? The Product of what Land? IT  
 'Twill Time require to hang at full express, sum V w<sup>ch</sup> I  
 (The Bard reply'd) what you in hast request. W<sup>ch</sup> I  
 Come to my Bow'r, and I'll inform you there, w<sup>ch</sup> I  
 What curious Souls must needs be pleas'd to hear. H

He said, and with his willing Guests withdrew,  
 Where a new Scene of Wonders charm'd their  
 View, — bold ston'drum w<sup>ch</sup>

On burning Lamps a Silver Vessel plac'd is w<sup>ch</sup> A  
 A Table with surprising Figures grac'd, w<sup>ch</sup> A  
 And China Bowls to feast their Sight and Taste. A  
 The Genial Liquor, decently pour'd, w<sup>ch</sup> A  
 To the admiring Guests is dealt about. w<sup>ch</sup> A  
 Scarce had they drank a first and second Round, w<sup>ch</sup> A  
 When the warm Nectar's pleasing Force they found,  
 About their Heart enliven'd, Spirits danc'd, w<sup>ch</sup> A  
 Then to the Brains sublimer Seat advanc'd, w<sup>ch</sup> A  
 (Such Transport feel young Prophets when they  
 Or Poets bumb'ring by *Pisone's Stream*.) Dream,

## A Poem upon TEA.

With silent Wonder mutually they Trace  
 Bright Joys reflected on each other's Face.  
 Then thus the Bard—Fear no *Circcean* Bowls,  
 This is the Drink of Health, the Drink of Souls!  
 The Virtues This, and This the Graces quaff,  
 Like *Nectar* cheerful, like *Nepenthe* safe.  
 Not such the Plant which *Bacchus* first did nurse,  
 Heav'n's Blessing chang'd by Mortals to their Curse  
 Ah Syren-Pleasure, to Destruction turn'd!  
 Ah woful Mirth to be for ever Mourn'd!  
 How much more blest— (Spring,  
 You Swains who drink, with Birds, the running  
 And Innocent, like them, like them can sing.  
 Another Round—Then, if your Patience hold,  
 I shall the Charming History unfold,  
 How this rare Plant at first Divinely sprung,  
 Nor shall its Sov'reign *Virtues* rest unsung,  
 For which our *Phœbus* oft his Harp has strung.

While the *Chinese* remain'd a Virtuous Breed,  
 From *Western* Vices and Distempers freed;  
 Or but with common Maladies were griev'd,  
 Which common Plants of Nature's Field reliev'd;

TEA

## A Poem upon T E A.

5

*TEA* was not sprung—— reserv'd by friendly Fate,  
For last Distress of *China's* suff'ring State.  
Whose Griefs and wondrous Cure I shall recite,  
A Tale that may your Patience well requite.

When *KI*, a Name through Eastern Climes ac-  
curst, (Last of his Race, of wicked Kings the Fifth) Prophan'd the Throne, ill-boding Signs foran,  
And dreadful Prodigies his Reign began;  
His monstrous Reign, which justly you may call  
The most amazing Prodigy of All.  
Discarding all the Sages of the Realm,  
Rash unexperiene'd Youth he sets at Helm:  
Till now, from all its ancient Frame estrang'd,  
The Government into a *Farce* was chang'd.  
*Buffoons* the Empire's Grand Affairs debate,  
And Jesters are the Councillors of State.  
Pert, smatt'ring Youngsters Judges of the Land,  
And dressing Fops the Martial Troops command,  
Those for Companion-Fav'rites he admits.  
Who had for Pleasure most inventive Wits:

These Prodigals sing not the Monk's Hours,  
 In rev'ling Grotto's, and voluptuous Bow'r's ;  
 A Provincl must be Tax'd whene'er they Dine,  
 In Essences they rowl, and Bathes in Pools of Wine.

This last Contagion, in the Palace bred,  
 From Court to Town, from Town to Country spred,  
 Old Discipline through China's Empire fails,  
 And upstart Riot like a Plague prevails ;  
 Expensive Idleness, for frugal Pains,  
 In ev'ry City, ev'ry Village reigns ;  
 Whence Poverty, Fraud, Rapine did ensue,  
 And these attended with a swarming Crew  
 Of dire Diseases, like their Vices, New.

But China's Nobles, the discarded Race  
 Who still did injur'd Virtue's Cause embrace ;  
 With conscious silence could no longer view  
 At once their Country's Shame and Ruin too.

An ancient Mandarine, wise, pious, just,  
 Who long had foremost serv'd in Publick Trust,

A Poem upon TEA.

7

First Minister in prosp'rous Days of State,  
Advances first against the Publick Fate;  
With rev'rend Aspect, and with solemn Grace,  
He represents the Empire's wretched Case,  
And reprimands the Tyrant to his Face.  
The fiery Monarch (with a Jav'lin snatcht)  
And through his kind Adviser's Throat dispatcht)

Crys,——  
——Formal grave Buffoon your Counsell's wrong,  
And like your senseless Life spun out too long,  
I cut 'em short — barranguing Dotard go —  
The Ghosts have leisure — talk the rest below.

Now Swains receive a Story strange and true,  
And with Amazement let Fame listen too,  
Of Græcian Worthies her stale Names give o'er,  
And boast of Roman Gallantry no more :  
Hear greater Miracles of Honour, done  
Beneath the Influence of the Rising Sun.  
But ah ! this Eastern Glory to allay,  
The changing Scene must frantick Vice display ;

Such Pomp of Luxury as ne'er was seen  
 'Twixt rey'ling *Anthony* and *Egypt's Queen*.

While weltring in his Gore one Patriot lies,  
 Another Chief the Tragick Part supplies,

And in the Prologue of his Story dies,

A Third, scarce enter'd on the bloody Stage,

A Victim falls to Arbitrary Rage ;

Yet boldly to the desp'rate Charge succeed

A Fourth and Fifth, who, like the former, Bleed.

The Sixth, as if to triumph o'er his Fate,

Placing his Hearse before the Palace-Gate,

Rushes into the Slaughter-Room of State,

Then thus the Tyrant,—*Dull aspiring Fool,*  
*Who like a Pedant com'st thy Prince to School,*  
*Thou would'st be Chronicled, and have thy Name*  
*Distinguisht from thy Brother-Fools of Fame,*  
*Recorded to have brav'd thy Monarch's Doom,*  
*And then retire, with State, into thy Tomb.*  
*But know, thy Plot for Glorious Death is vain,*  
*Nor shall that Hearse a Traitor's Corps contain ;*

A Poem upon TEA.

9

*A Feast for savage Beasts thou shalt be made — — — — —  
And who dare next their Sovereign's Peace invade,  
In wretched Torture shall their Treason rue ;  
And from the lingring Rack and Gammes,  
Their Sons to speedier Execution led ;  
To vilest Slaves their Wives and Daughters wed.*

This Sentence past, like an Infernal Charm,  
Honour and Courage did at once disarm ;  
Stunn'd with the Sound, and Thunder-struck, they  
To lawles\$ Vice the execrable Field. (yield

Now Banquets, Musick, Masques and Mimick  
Are all the Busines\$ of th' Imperial Court ; (Sport  
From which the Monarch never did remove,  
But to the dearer Solaces of Love.  
In ev'ry Passion of his roving Mind  
A *Libertine*, but in *Amour confin'd* :  
*Amira* was the first who found the Art  
At once to conquer and enslave his Heart.  
One Evening when the wanton *Zephyrs* Play'd,  
Repos'd beneath the Myrtle's am'rous shade,

All

All reviv'd in his lov'd Amira's Arms  
 (Brighter than *Venus* in her new-born Charms.)  
 The Monarch sigh'd and said, *Alas !* *Alas !*  
*Why should the Transport's cease that never clay ?*  
*Why are those Eyes, than Stars more beau'ly bright,*  
*Condemn'd to shine with Temporary Light ?*  
*Alas !* *might their lovely Lustre ever blaze,*  
*As on their Glories I cou'd ever gaze ?*  
*Must all this Bloom be nipt with Death's cold shade ?*  
*Why should these Lillies, why these Roses fade ?*  
*Why should th' Elysian Spring for ever last,*  
*And Thine be doom'd to Fate's untimely Blast ?*

*These pensive Thoughts, like Furies, haunt my Rest ;*  
*These Harpy-Guests my Feast of Love molest.*

The Queen, her weening Lover to beguile ;  
 (A Trickling Tear dissembling with a Smile)  
 Replies, *Tho' envious Fates your Wish deny,*  
*We may forget that we shall ever Die ;*  
*Our Life to unmolested Pleasure give,*  
*And, while the Scene lasts, like Immortals live.*

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21. *Ere the Palace along the Banks more bright* }  
*Immurd from Day, but with more radiant Light* }  
*Of ever-blazing Lamps and Tapers deckt,* }  
*And sparkling Gaud the Lustre so reflect* }  
  
*Where Change of Seasons we shall never see,*  
*To read us Lectures of Mortality.*  
*Grief be excluded from that happy Sphere,*  
*And Pleasures only have Admittance there;*  
*Which trusty Fav'rites, (to secure their sway*  
*Abroad) shall Thither in full Tides convey.*  
*Of Empire you shall thus enjoy the Spoil,*  
*The Fruit, for which your Royal Vassals toil.*  
*The Pride of Nature there shall charm your Sight,*  
*Her richest Luxury your Taste invite.*  
*Earth's scatter'd Blessings shall together meet,*  
*And lie in smiling Heaps before your Feet,*  
*There Fountain-springs thro' artful Pipes shall move*  
*With all the Musick of the Spheres above,*  
*To charm our Slumbers in the Bow'r of Love.*  
*Thus from the Cares of lower Empire free,*  
*Blest, like the First, shall our new Eden be,*  
*Where I to You, You all the World to Me.*

The Monarch, to indulge the pleasing Cheat,  
 With vast Expence builds this Inchanted Seat ;  
 Where the fond Pair, from Vulgar Mortal's sight  
 With chosen Minions, hide themselves in Light.

The Provinces to Villains Hands assign'd,  
 Now, for one Tyrant lost, a thousand find ;  
 While he absconds, his lewd Trustees of Pow'r,  
 The bleeding Vitals of the State devour,  
 What Riot wastes with Rapine they supply,  
 And Rapine drein'd, to Sacrilege they fly.  
 The Country's Tillage, and the City's Trade  
 Exhausted, they the Temples Rights invade ;  
 Whose injur'd Pow'rs, with just Resentment fir'd,  
 Discarded Chiefs with equal Rage inspir'd,  
 Who, follow'd by a small but zealous Train,  
 In thin Battalion muster on the Plain.

To head their num'rous Troops the Vice-roys Arm,  
 But quit the Field on Danger's first Alarm ;  
 With their Beau-Captains—All more Courtly  
 Bred  
 Than to Desert their Gen'rals when they *Fled*,

Mean

Mean while their Troops in Marshal'd Order stand,  
But know not how to Charge without Command.  
'Twixt Shame and Rage, Distraining and Amaz'd,  
With silent Looks they on each other gaz'd.  
The Adverse Party stand in like Suspence,  
To shew they took not Arms but for Defence.  
Till now both Hosts, for Publick Good combining,  
And, tho' they met as Foes, as Friends they join.

This Revolution, on the Wings of Fame,  
To the Fantastick Lovers Palace came;  
Whose Fairy Joys transform'd to dismal Fright,  
They quit their Mansion of perpetual Light,  
To sculk in Caves and thickest shades of Night.

The conscious Prince from Empire thus retir'd,  
And all besides of Royal Race expir'd,  
The *Mandarins* assemable, to create  
A Monarch, to Reform and Rule the State.  
On Others Merits freely they enlarge,  
But for Himself each Chief declines the Charge;

O Piety of unexampled strain,  
 Alas! for their Country's good, Friends did to drame  
 Their Vile Bloody just and honest Reign'd  
 'Twas a time when Tyrants did  
 Tyrants did to drame and Rage.

The Lot decides; and strait the gen'ral Voice  
 With loud Applause approves of Fortune's choice,  
 The worthy Heir of him who did engage,  
 And fell first Victim to the Tyrant's Rage.

Thus China's Realms their Ancient Form regain'd;  
 Their Vices cur'd; but their Diseases reign'd;  
 Their Minds refor'd; but still their Bodies pur'd,  
 Where dying Luxury left Stings behind,  
 Whose Smart, enlaid by Vengeance from above,  
 Too obstinate for Human Help did prove.

Consumption, Dropsie, Racking Gout and Stone,  
 (Till then to happy Eastern Climes unknown)  
 All Maladies that could on Nature fall,  
 With Spleen that feels, or thinks it feels 'em All.  
 They Sigh all Day, and Nightly Vigils keep,  
 To shun the Terrors of distract'd Sleep.

In Cities dear Society had Trade,  
In Field the Tillage and the Village fade;  
The Shepherd's Pipe still lorn beside him laid  
In vain the Sick to Art or Nature fly,  
While Sicks as they, both Art and Nature ly.

The Wretches now to evry Temple press  
In sighing Crowds, not to implore Redress,  
But own the Justice of their Doom, and crave  
The Favour only of a speedy Grave.  
Which modest Penitence that Mercy drew,

For which the poor Delinquents durst not sue.

The Solemn Day approacht, when China's Court  
Must to the Great Confucius Cell resort;  
The Cave in which the Hermit long retir'd  
Compil'd those Laws which Sacred Pow'rs impird  
With Angel-Visits only entertain'd;  
And in his Desert wond'rously Sustain'd,  
Where no Relief of Plant or Herb was found,  
Nor Spire of Gras through all the barren Ground.

In Solemn Progress, by Devotion drawn,  
The Pious King prevents the early Dawn;

Leads the Procession, and advancing near,  
 Beholds the Sun and Cell at once appear.  
 But how Surpriz'd to find the Desert Ground,  
 With new-sprung Plants of lovely Verdure Crown'd,  
 There bloom'd the SOUMBLO, there Impenit TEN,  
 (Names then unknown) and Sanative BOHE;  
 All deem'd, in Honour to the Prophet's Shrine,  
 Produc'd, with Virtues, like their Birth, Divine,  
 And sent a timely Cure of Publick Grief;  
 Experience soon Confirming that Belief.

Thus far Tradition, which I oft have heard  
 By Eastern Priests, as Oracles, Avert'd.

Next, how their Poets sing (in bolder Verse)  
 The VIRTUES of this Plant—I shall rehearse  
 How happily their Art they have Express'd,  
 With useful Truth in pleasing Fable dress'd;  
 That sickly Mortals, by the Tempting Lure  
 Of Fiction, may be drawn to certain CURE.

The End of the First Canto.

---

CANTO II.

---

When first *Apollo*, in Celestial Bow'rs,  
Treated with fragrant *Tea*, th' immortal  
Pow'rs,  
(That more than *Nectar* and *Nepenthe* pleas'd)  
The Goddesses with such Delight were seiz'd;  
They fell to Strife about the foreign Tree,  
Who should its Patroness and Guardian be :  
At last the Competition was referr'd  
To be before the Gods in Council heard ;  
Who Summon'd, at *Jove's* Palace now were met,  
And high above the rest the Thund'r'er set.

First *JUNO* thus, with haughty State, address'd,  
And Looks that angry Majesty express'd,  
Which, e'er she spake, the Queen of Heav'n confess'd;

“ Let such impose upon their Judges sense,  
“ Sue Favour, who to Right have no Pretence ;

" With soothing Arts of Language strive to please :  
 " I come not here to Plead, but Claim and Seize :  
 " Right I demand ; and Deities, I know,  
 " Will do me Right --- for, Gods I'll have it so.  
 " Shall Subject Goddesses with me contend ?  
 " When once Imperial *Juno* shall descend }  
 " To Competition, Empire's at an End. }  
 " Shall Royal *Juno's* Claim be disallow'd }  
 " To *Tea* ? with Sov'reign Properties endow'd, }  
 " And Queen of Plants by Native Right allow'd. }  
 " Let that aspiring Goddess, who shall dare }  
 " Here to Usurp my Patronage and Care, }  
 " Pretend with me the Thund'rer's Bed to share. }  
 " The Rival of my Bed, and what I prize  
 " More Dear, my Throne, and Empire of the Skies.  
 " Speak *Jove*, decide, e'er it begins, this Strife ;  
 " Respect the Empress, tho' you Slight the Wise.  
 " Assert, in Mine, your Own Celestial State :  
 " *Jove*, let us Reign, or let us Abdicate.  
 " Once to Immortals this Example show,  
 " What will your Stubborn Mortals do Below ?

" Already

“ Already grown Impatient of our Yoke,  
“ For seldom now we see our Altars Smoke ;  
“ With sparing Hands They offer from the Store  
“ Our Bounty lends, and grudgingly Adore :  
“ But from our Shrines intirely will Remove,  
“ Till Government is better fix'd Above,  
“ And till convinc'd  
“ That I am *Juno* still, and you are *Joves*.  
“ O *Jupiter*, a Monarch's Sway maintain ;  
“ And shew the doubting World that you deserve  
    to Reign.

*Saturnia* Thus---whose Eyes, as she withdrew  
Disdainful Fire back on th' Assembly threw ;  
Which through the Presence awful Terrour strook;  
And on his Throne the very Thund'rer shook.

*MINERVA* next, with stately Mien, advanc'd;  
Her crested Plume in waving Lustre danc'd,  
And Lightning from her burnish'd Helmet glanc'd.  
Delightful Terrour in her Aspect play'd,  
While Thus, with awful Grace, the Goddess said.

“ If Merit must to Majesty give place,  
“ Immortals are in Mortals wretched Case,  
“ And Vassals we, tho’ of Celestial Race:  
“ Let Nature in this Claim your Council Guide;  
“ Since she for publick Use this Plant suppli’d,  
“ Let Publick Use, ye Gods, the Cause decide.  
“ If by that President you shall Decree,  
“ The Prize must fall to my Learn’d Sons and Me.  
“ Why should I our known Services repeat?  
“ In *Athens* Name your Justice I entreat.  
“ Or if my Plea of *Athens* you disclaim,  
“ Regard my Off-Spring more endear’d to Fame,  
“ My greater Sons of *Iris* and of *Cam*.  
“ Think how of Life the Pleasures they resign,  
“ To delve, for Publick good, in Learning’s Mine.  
“ O Gods, is’t thus you treat industrious Wit?  
“ That does whole Years in brooding Study Sit,  
“ From early Dawn till Day forsakes the Sky,  
“ And Mid-night Lamps the absent Sun supply.  
“ O why should they, with Chymick Patience, wait  
“ Their Work’s Perfection, to enrich the State?

“ Of

“ Of Antient Arts the craggy Ruins climb,  
“ And backward tread the painful Steps of Time,  
“ Their Senses with long Contemplation wrought  
“ To Element, their Bodies pin'd to Thought,  
“ If you this cheap Relief to Souls deny  
“ Who with *Promethean* Fire Mankind supply,  
“ To make those Sons of *Clay* the Gods Allies,  
“ And justifie their Kindred to the Skies.

She paus'd, and frown'd, with such a dreadful  
Grace,  
As when she charges on the Plains of *Thrace*.  
Then thus renews her Plea——

“ Nature for Students this Regale design'd,  
“ Invention's Fountain to repay in Kind,  
“ The vast expences of their gen'rous Mind. }  
“ Till the spent Soil shall fresh *Idea's* yield,  
“ And new Plantations stock wide Fancy's Field.  
“ From this *Pirene*, this *Castalian* Spring,  
“ Exclude the Muses, And what Muse will sing ?  
“ And when no Poet will vouchsafe to write,  
“ What hardy Hero will vouchsafe to fight.

“ ‘Tis *Tea* sustains, *Tea* only can inspire

“ The Poet’s Flame, that feeds the Hero’s Fire.

Her Voice and Mien such deep impression strook,

The Goddess read Consent in ev’ry Look,

Till *VENUS*, (from her Chariot drawn by Doves,  
Surrounded by a Troop of smiling Loves)

Unveil’d the milder Glories of her Face,

With Native Charms, and ev’ry study’d Grace :

Which, from her haughty Rivals, heretofore,

On *Ida*’s Mount, the Prize of Beauty bore.

Nor doubts she, with the same resistless Smile,  
The Gods, as then the Shepherd to beguile.

With lovely Pride She cast her Eyes around,  
And gave with every pointed Glance a Wound.

Which made the sternest in the Presence melt,

And fullen *Saturn* feel what *Paris* felt.

Thus she advanc’d; and, while she urg’d her Plea,  
She look’d and breath’d the fragrant Soul of *Tea*,

“ In Beauty’s Cause I sue--can Gods despise

“ A Blessing Mortals have the Sense to Prize ?

“ Tho’

“ Tho’ in your Looks I read a Senate’s Awe,  
“ (How else should you the Publick Rev’rence  
    draw ?)  
“ Yet doubt I not the stubborn’t Breast to win,  
“ Having so strong a Party lodg’d within.  
“ Tho’ none in open Court appears my Friend,  
“ I safely on your private Votes depend.  
“ So shall your Goddesses and Nymphs be kind,  
“ As Love and Beauty your Protection find.  
“ For Beauty’s sake, and her resolute Charms,  
“ The desp’rate Soldier rushes to Alarms,  
“ And for a Night of Love serves whole Cam-  
    paigns in Arms.  
“ To Stars the wakeful Shepherd sings his Lays,  
“ Which he by day compos’d in *Phillis* Praise,  
“ Hoping the Nymph he does Immortal make,  
“ Will Pity on her dying Lover take.  
“ Look down ye Pow’rs, the *British* Ladies View,  
“ See there the Effects of this Celestial Dew !  
“ See there how grateful *Tea*, their choice Delight,  
“ It’s gen’rous Patronesses does requite !

“ ‘Tis *Tea* sustains, *Tea* only can inspire

“ The Poet’s Flame, that feeds the Hero’s Fire.

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“ A Blessing Mortals have the Sense to Prize ?

“ Tho’

“ Tho’ in your Looks I read a Senate’s Awe,  
“ (How else should you the Publick Rev’rence  
    draw ?) as a general as Goods, &c. &c.  
“ Yet doubt I not the stubborn’t Breast to win,  
“ Having so strong a Party lodg’d within.  
“ Tho’ none in open Court appears my Friend,  
“ I safely on your private Votes depend.  
“ So shall your Goddesses and Nymphs be kind,  
“ As Love and Beauty your Protection find.  
“ For Beauty’s sake, and her resistless Charms,  
“ The desp’rate Soldier rushes to Alarms,  
“ And for a Night of Love serves whole Cam- }  
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“ Which he by day compos’d in *Phillis* Praife,  
“ Hoping the Nymph he does Immortal make,  
“ Will Pity on her dying Lover take.  
“ Look down ye Pow’rs, the *British* Ladies View,  
“ See there the Effects of this Celestial Dew !  
“ See there how grateful *Tea*, their choice Delight,  
“ It’s gen’rous Patronesses does requite !

" Sublimes their Native Charms; and makes 'em  
 " shine  
 " As bright, almost, as lasting too as mine.  
 " Who then but Beauty's Goddes's, can pretend  
 " A Title to the Plant that's Beauty's Friend?  
 " To me, ye Pow'rs, this Prize you must assign,  
 " For that which thus can Beauty's Charms refine,  
 " And keep them ever young, for ever should be  
 " mine.

She said--and reassum'd her Flying Chair;  
 While *Cupid's* fan, with glossy wings, the Air,  
 And *Venus* seem'd ey'n more than *Venus* Fair.

( Grace,  
 Bright *CINTHIA* next appear'd with solemn  
 ( A rosie Blush adorns her Virgin-Face )  
 As from the Chase return'd, her Vestments hung  
 With careless Decency, her Bow unstrung,  
 Her Quiver loose behind her Shoulder flung.  
 High on her Front the silver Crescent blaz'd :  
 The hush'd Assembly on her Figure gaz'd,  
 Surpriz'd and pleas'd, Transported and amaz'd.

Her

Her Aspect, Stature, Movement, Shape, and Dress  
Did such Majestick Modesty express,  
As when, supported by her Forest Launce,  
Before her thousand Nymphs she does advance  
On *Cynthus* Top, and leads the Solemn Dance.  
Through ev'ry Breast a thrilling Pleasure ran,  
While thus the Goddess of the Groves began.

“ Love's Queen, despairing this chaste Prize to win,  
“ Discreetly call'd the *British* Ladies in ;  
“ And if for Beauty only they excell'd,  
“ The Queen of Beauty's Title must have held ;  
“ But since they are no less for *Vertue* fam'd  
“ Their Votes by me, with nobler right, are claim'd.  
“ If *Vertue* then (which *British* Ladies Prize  
“ Above the brightest Glances of their Eyes)  
“ Not quite has lost her Int'rest in the Skies,  
“ To me you must assign the sacred Tree,  
“ To me the sacred Drink of Chastity ;  
“ In which the Graces safely may rejoice,  
“ Of Virgin Innocence the blameless Choice :  
“ Then, Deities, join yours with *Nature's* Voice.

“ Who

" Who, with this Chast *Nepenthe*, would requite  
 " Her Woods kind Patroness, and Queen of Night.  
 " When faint with Toil, through *Phæbus* scorching  
 Beams,  
 " My Nymphs and I retreat to shady Streams,  
 " Can the cold Spring a fit Refreshment be ?  
 " Which idle *Naids* drink as well as we ;  
 " And *Dryads*, who in Solitary Bow'rs,  
 " With Sleep or Revels pass their useless Hours.  
 " Let then the Forest-Tyrants safely Reign,  
 " And Mountain-Savages lay waste the Plain :  
 " Till Earth afford your Altars no Supplies  
 " Of hallow'd Fruits; no Flames of Incense rise,  
 " And Moonless Nights affright your guilty  
 " Skies.

She ceas'd ; and Terror through the Presence  
 strook,  
 Resuming now the same resenting Look,  
 As in her Bathing-Fountain when surpriz'd,  
 Luckless *Aæon*'s Error she chastis'd.  
 Then with a smile (as when she does unshroud  
 Her Lustre, starting from a sullen Cloud)

In milder Accents thus—

“ No ! Sacred Pow’rs, for *Cynthia* to mistrust

“ Her Merit or your Honour, were unjust !

“ It must not, cannot be ! (hence idle Fears !)

“ I still shall Guard your Earth, and Gild your  
Spheres.

“ My Cause no Competition can admit,

“ Where Virtue pleads, and Gods in Council sit.

*Diana* thus—and, with her Sylvan Train  
Of Nymphs attended, mounts her Starry Wain.

Scarce had the Court recover’d this Surprize,  
When a new Scene of Glory charm’d their Eyes ;  
While *THE T I S* and her *Nereids* they descry’d,  
Adorn’d in all the Ocean’s glittering Pride ;  
Bright Shells and Gems, that with reflected Fire  
Startled the Skies, and made the Stars retire.  
Delightful Wonder all th’ Assembly seiz’d ;  
But *Neptune* ev’n to Extasie seem’d pleas’d,  
Who now display’d the same Pacifick Face  
That hush’d the Storm, and sav’d the *Trojan* Race.

In gentle Symphony the *Nereids* sung  
 To twisted Shells, on which the *Tritons* rung  
 Loud Peals, that to th' Olympian Confines ran,  
 While thus the Goddess of the Seas began.

“ ‘Tis I that rule your watry World below ;  
 “ To Mortals I the Arts of Commerce show,  
 “ To me your *Albion* does her Glory owe. }  
 “ By Me her Fleets to Eastern Climates run,  
 “ And spread their Wings beneath the rising Sun.  
 “ Thus your *Angusta*’s floating Grandeur’s shown  
 “ On Seas and Shores to Ancient Fame unknown ;  
 “ While *Rome*, the World’s fam’d Mistres she excels,  
 “ As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* swells.  
 “ Both Her’s and Nature’s Empire I sustain,  
 “ By Correspondence ’twixt her Earth and Main :  
 “ Her Tributary Streams, to me convey’d,  
 “ In just recruits are carefully repay’d :  
 “ Those Pastures where her Flocks and Herds are  
 “ Bred,  
 “ Themselves are from my Bounty cloath’d and fed.

“ The

“ The Plant and Nymph, whose happy Nuptials  
“ give {  
“ This New-found Nectar, by my Bounty live ;  
“ From my fresh Stores the Nymph her cooling  
“ Dew, {  
“ And from my Salts the Plant his \* Vigour  
“ drew. {  
“ When, deep in Briny Cells, my Nymphs and I  
“ The Business of your Ocean-Empire ply, }  
“ Gods ! Can you then this fresh Regale deny ?  
“ Is’t thus you treat the Goddess of the Sea,  
“ With Oozy Brine ? -----  
“ When happy Nymphs at Land rejoice in *Tea* ?  
“ Of all the Rarities our Waves convey,  
“ Give us but This, our Service you repay :  
“ Else from their dens your *prison'd Winds* release,  
“ Let Seas and Skies no longer be at Peace, }  
“ Destructive Tempests reign, and useful Traffick }  
“ cease.

---

\* Sal Volatile.

Thus *Thetis*, and resumes her Crystal Wain,  
 As when, surrounded by her Ocean-Train,  
 She rides in Triumph o'er the wond'ring Main.

To Crown the Scene *HEALTH*'s Goddess  
 Just appears, Who chearfully her Sanguine Aspect rears;  
 Fresh as the Spring, when by Celestial show'rs  
 To Earth invited, from *Elysian* Bow'rs:  
 Her sprightly looks the pleas'd Assembly drew,  
 While Spicy Zephyrs hov'ring round her flew,  
 And Odours, sweeter than *Ambrosia*, threw.  
 Attended by a Troop of Nymphs and Swains,  
 The Pride of Nature, Glory of the Plains;  
 The Youths, like Oaken Plants, all sternly Gay,  
 The Nymphs all Fair, and Mild as blooming *May*.  
 Then with an Air, that vital warmth display'd,  
 And healthful Fragrancy, the Goddess said----

— “ Celestial Pow'rs, this Rural Tribe survey;  
 “ You have no Vot'ries so sincere as They !

“ When

“ When Earth of your *Astraea* was bereft,  
“ ‘Mongst these the Goddess her last Footsteps left,  
“ If *Venus*’s Plea this awful Court can move,  
“ Her *Cupids* are not better vers’d in Love :  
“ Or if *Diana*’s Title may be pass’d,  
“ They plead her Merit, for their Loves are Chaste  
“ But ’tis not for their sakes I chiefly sue,  
“ Who Health enjoy without your healing Dew ;  
“ For they from Nature’s Cup, the Crystal Spring,  
“ With Birds contentedly can Drink and Sing.  
“ But far, O far unlike to these, a Throng  
“ Of wretched Mortals to my Charge belong ;  
“ Who with tormenting restless Sickness griev’d,  
“ About my Altar languish, Unreliev’d :  
“ O, for their Suff’ring sakes, in pity grant  
“ This *Panacea*, this Reviving Plant ;  
“ Relieve their Mis’ry, or revoke their Breath ;  
“ Give ‘em the Drink of Health, or give ‘em Death !

Thus *Salus* urg’d her Charitable Plea,  
That soon had Crown’d her Patroness of Tea :

But

But Fiend *Alethe*, in a Nymph's Disguise,  
 (Grudging the Sickly Earth so Rich a Prize)  
 Amongst the Goddesses fresh Discord threw,  
 Which into Parties the Convention drew,  
 Mars swagger'd, *Aeol* bluster'd, *Neptune* rag'd,  
 Whom *Jove* with louder Thunder scarce awag'd.

*SOMNUS*, whom *Tea's* delicious Fume had  
 charm'd With golden Visions, by the Dinn alarm'd,  
 Starts up; and, with a Look surprizing Gay,  
 To sudden Pleasure turn'd the sudden Fray.  
 Pleas'd, as a Prophet, from his Dream he woke,  
 And, like a Prophet, Thus, in Rapture spoke.

“ O Glorious Prospect! such delightful Fields  
 “ *Elysium* nor our own *Olympus* yields.  
 “ O Sacred Streams and Bow'rs! O Fragrant Seats,  
 “ Of Elemental Joys the calm Retreats!  
 “ Come wretched Mortals, in this Nectar steep  
 “ Your weary Souls, and charm your Cares to  
 Sleep.

“ That,

“ That, while the pleasing slumber lasts, shall  
“ drown

“ Your Griefs; and with success your Wishes  
“ crown.

“ That every dismal Object shall remove,  
“ And your Desires to Extasy improve.

“ What e'er you want or wish, in Dreams is  
“ brought,

“ (By *Tea* inspir'd) before your ravish'd Thought;

“ Visions of Wealth the poor Man's Wants beguile;

“ The hopeless Lover sees his Mistress smile;

“ The Voyager, for some rich Coast design'd,

“ Spreads all his Sail, and runs afore the Wind.

“ The Pleader, Soldier, Poet, fierce and warm,  
“ Set boldly in, and wond'rously perform :

“ Thus Human Life, in cruel Fate's despight,

“ May have its Sorrows chequer'd with delight,

“ And if such Bliss can Mortal Sense employ,

“ What Transport, Deities, must you enjoy !

“ For sure, when sprightly *Tea* and *Fancy* join  
“ Their Wond'rous Pow'rs, the Work must be  
“ Divine.

“ How rich the Figures ! how surprising bright !  
 “ Wrought on the fable Curtains of the *Night*.

This strange Discov'ry both surpris'd the Gods,  
 And set the Goddesses again at Odds ;  
 Whilst, to secure the Quiet of the Skies,  
 The *Thunderer* once more was forc'd to rise.

A Plant that can so many Virtues boast,  
 He judg'd too rich a Prize to be Ingross'd ;  
 And to no single Goddess Lot should fall,  
 That merited the Patronage of All :  
 Therefore, at once to silence all their Pleas,  
 And yet Oblige his Female Deities ;  
 In *Common* grants what they did singly claim ;  
 And strait gives Orders for the Trump of Fame  
 To sound aloud, That \* *GODDESS* was its *Name*. }

\* *Oea*.

THE  
T E A - T A B L E.

**H**ail Queen of Plants, Pride of Elysian Bow'rs!  
How shall we speak thy complicated Pow'rs?  
Thou Wond'rous Panacea, to asswage  
The Calentures of Youth's fermenting Rage,  
And Animate the freezing Veins of Age.

To Bacchus when our Griefs repair for Ease,  
The Remedy proves worse than the Disease :  
Where Reason we must lose to keep the Round,  
And drinking Others Healths, our Own confound :  
Whilst T E A , our Sorrows safely to beguile,  
Sobriety and Mirth does reconcile :  
For to this Nectar we the Blessing owe,  
To grow more Wise, as we more cheerful grow.

## The Tea-Table.

*Whilst Fancy does her brightest Beams dispense,  
And decent Wit diverts without Offence.*

*Then in Discourse of Nature's mystick Pow'r's  
And Noblest Themes, we pass the well-spent Hours.*

*Whilst all around the Virtues Sacred Band,  
And list'ning Graces pleas'd Attendants stand.*

*Thus our Tea-Conversation we employ,*

*Where, with Delight, Instruction we enjoy;*

*Quaffing, without the waste of Time or Wealth,*

*The Sov'reign Drink of Pleasure and of Health.*

---

P O S T

# POSTSCRIPT.

MY Copy falling short, and the Printer asking, What shou'd be done with the following Pages? I bethought me of some Civilities for which I stood indebted to our Critick-Poets, without any Recognizance, from me, of their Favours.

Therefore ( without questioning their Authority, or who made them Judges in *Parnassus* ) I shall here say something, not for Defence, but, least my Silence be taken for Contempt of the Court.

Some have Censur'd me for a Cold Writer; but \* One of 'em with the favourable Allowance, That

*I have in Justness what I want in Fire.*

Another ( in his Poetical Circuit some Years since ) Doom'd me, without Mercy, for

*† A Slave to Sense, and Cautious to a Fault,*

Now I must ingenuously confess, That I pretend to no more Fire than consists with Justness: That I am a Slave to Sense ( without any thoughts of changing my Master ) and Caution is a Fault I shall never mend.

---

<sup>2</sup> Epistle concerning Poetry.

† Mourning Muse.

## POSTSCRIPT.

So that I must *bumbly* content my self with *Admiring* those Gentlemen who set up for *Bold* Writers, and deserve the Character, by venturing *so hard* for it, even beyond the Regions of *Sense*.

Happy Season, when *Wit* and *Criticism* are come to their *Meridian*!

*But what if this was designed for Compliment? The Complainants having had my Slavish Sense and Caution at their Service, when very much Wanted.*

*Quintilian* was a musty old Pedant, and would have been pos'd with our *new Figures of Speech* ---- *Justness without Fire* ---- *Slavery to Sense*, &c. †

His was a dull Age of *Correctness*, unacquainted with our Elevation, Sublime Conceits and Expression, beyond the reach of common Capacity.

"Tis part of a Modern Character, ( no less famous for his *Wit* than Chivalry ) that he scorn'd to say any thing in a *Vulgar* way, and

----- *Ne'er did ope*  
*His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope.*  
Hudib.

The Reader must pardon me this Trifling, 'tis paying *Nonsense* in its Own Coin; and if you would have better from me, you *must stay till Wit comes in* ---- as then you may depend on me, sufficient \* Authors ( City Security ) having vouch'd for my Honesty. \*

\* *Satyr against Wit.*

## POSTSCRIPT.

In good Earnest, 'tis high time for the *Fraternity* to return to their Senses; they have so long Ridicul'd One Another, till the Men, that had some Wit, are become *Diversion* for them that have *None*.

'Tis Pity but their Quarrels were over, if only for leisure to think what they Quarrell'd about, that is, *Poetry* --- which, however worthy of Great and Wise Men, as a Recreation, yet 'tis *Business* and *Employment* only for the Unfortunate.

Such as are too far engag'd, must take their Chance; but Others would do well to consider the present State of the Muses in our Nation; where *Zoilus*'s swarm, and *Mecænas*'s are so Few, that 'tis even shame and pity to see their Generosity so over-charg'd.

I would not be thought to Disparage a Faculty, to which I have done so little Credit: 'Tis noble Service --- but, fit for *Volunteers*, who can be upon their own Subsistence; and long to shew their Parts.

---

F I N I S.